

The Tragedy of Hamlet

His greatnes waide, his will is not his owne,
He may not as vnuaiewed persons doe,
Crane for himselfe, for on his choise depends
The safety and health of this whole state,
And therefore must his choise be circumscrib'd,
Vnto the voyce and yeelding of that body,
Whereof he is the head, then if he saies he loues you,
It fits your wisdom so farre to beleue it
As he in his particuler act and place
May giue his saying deede, which is no further,
Then the maine voyce of Denmarke goes withall.
Then way what losse your honor may sustaine,
If with too credent eare you list his songs
Or loose your heart, or your chaste treasure open,
To his vnmastred importunity.

Feare it Ophelia, feare it my deare sister,
And keepe you in the reare of your affection
Out of the shot and danger of desire,
„The charest maide is prodigall enough
If she vnmaske her beauty to the Moone
„Vertue it selfe scapes not calumnious strokes
„The canker gaules the infant of the spring
Too oft before their buttons be disclos'd,
And in the morne and liquid dew of youth
Contagious blastments are most imminent,
Be wary then, best safety lies in feare,
Youth to it selfe rebels though none else neare.

Ophe. I shall the effect of this good lesson keepe,
As watchmen to my heart, but good my brother
Doe not as some vngracious pastors doe,
Show me the steepe and thorny way to heauen
Whiles a puffed, and reckles libertine,
Himselfe the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And reakes not his owne reed.

Enter Polonius.

Laer. O feare me not,
I stay too long, but heere my father comes
A double blessing is a double grace,
Occasion smiles vpon a second leaue.

Pol. Yet here *Laertes*? a bord, a bord for shame,

Prince of Denmark

The wind sits in the shoulder of y
And you are staied for, there my
And these few precepts in thy me
Looke thou character, giue thy t
Nor any vnproportion'd though
Be thou familiar, but by no mean
Those friends thou hast and their
Grapple them vnto thy soule wi
But do not dull thy palme with e
Of each new hatcht vnpledgd co
Of entrance to a quarrell, but be
Bear't that th'opposer may bewa
Giue euery man thy eare, but fey
Take each mans censure, but res
Costly thy habite as thy purse ca
But not exprest in fancy; rich no
For the apparrell oft proclaimes t
And they in France of the best ra
Or of a most select and generous
Neither a borrowor nor a lender
For loue oft looses both it selfe,
And borrowing dulleth the edg
This about all, to thine owne sel
And it must follow as the night
Thou canst not then bee false to
Farewell, my blessing season thi

Laer. Most humbly do I take

Pol. The time inuests you, go

Laer. Farewell *Ophelia*, and
What I haue said to you.

Ophe. Tis in my memory lo
And you your selfe shall keepe t

Laer. Farewell

Pol. What ist *Ophelia* hee hat

Ophe. So please you, someth

Pol. Marry well bethought

Tis told me hee hath very oft of
Giuen priuate time to you, and
Haue of your audience beene m